

# **A Star Struck Night**

**by**

**Gerry Stewart**



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### I. Title

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## Autumn Apple

Tinge of frost  
kisses the grass,  
apples catch the dew  
on burning cheek.

Hot mouth shivers,  
anticipation - sharp  
teeth snag the skin  
taste the bitter essence.

## Ballet

Dwarfed by black yews  
you pirouette, a ruby shadow  
in green arabesque fern.

Twirling like an autumn leaf  
you dance in the shade  
for a flute of birds.

Beneath a quilt of fern  
your breasts bud and flower  
I glimpse the wind.

## Carnival

The mariachi  
trumpets fade with the red gored sun  
mellowing at dusk.

Children dart behind,  
scuffling in the dust, brown wrinkled skin like  
scabbards of lost dreams.

You sit in the dark  
a silhouette singing Spanish songs  
of lost love and pain.

I hear church bells  
in your voice, the lonely pang of night  
keeps you drifting

between dreams and sorrow,  
of lost opportunities, things unsaid,  
actions incomplete.

You lay beside me  
the music a distant breeze half remembered.  
Perhaps it's best this way.

## Citizen of the World

Last night walking  
in the jungle  
a tiger leapt in my bed  
and took my scrotum  
between soft lips  
and  
asked, if I was a  
friend of the earth.

Forced to sit at my desk  
and deliberate  
on my contribution  
I  
pondered the physical  
outcome  
of my reflections.

## Concrete Angel

Tungsten glare  
yellow stare shows  
off her wares  
mouths her fare  
flashes smile  
sharp as knives  
lips curved  
blades in the  
night shade stalking  
trade up and down  
the strip a strap  
buys crack  
a whip for smack.

## Middle Age Crazy

I tell myself I'm making up  
for time lost working hard.

To pay the bills, make ends meet.  
to satisfy the endless need.

The symbols of my errant ways  
are things I never could afford

when I was young and fancy free  
of fear and responsibility.

Red sports car, shiny chrome  
cd disc, mobile phone.

to call you when your at home  
away from office fax and phone.

Rumours fly rife with passion  
of lives, and love, and transgressions.

While my thoughts are all hazy  
I indulge in all that's crazy.

## Deceit

The shadows seem darker  
at night, they glide in step  
but slightly ahead of the moon.

An eclipse sends waves  
reaming the shore  
I know the feeling.

Waves of doubt  
wear me down  
the moon is unstable.

I crawl through  
shingles of deceit  
and wait for the sun.

It will be  
different this time

I can feel it.

Dusk to Dawn

Through frosted pane  
a lantern  
splashes yellow rain.

Sipping whisky  
I bask in ambiguity  
by the peat fire.

I wet my blistered  
tongue, a scarlet brooch  
between your thighs.

Night yawns stars  
a comet arcs.  
morning burns a flaxen dawn.

Each Year

Leaves fall like words  
on a page, punctuations  
in time.

Summers passing, flights  
of geese, the  
loosening of ties.

Orange ambiguity  
leaf and butterfly  
fluttering.

One to fall, crinkle  
and wither, the other  
freedom and flight.

## The End

The shower insists, its needle  
fingers cleansing our sin.

I'm in your hand, wet, waiting,  
champagne glistens your breasts.

The razor smirks its silver  
smile, blue veins spurt.

You sway, a blonde haired willow  
weeping on porcelain ankles.

Our wrists tingle, pink  
dreams lonely as candy floss.

Entropy  
You take my hand  
and hold the second law  
of thermodynamics.

Stars burn out, planets disintegrate  
entire galaxies devolve  
into cosmic balls of desolation.

Hot slivers of ice  
sear my shivering skin  
smouldering hair, black and erect.

The first law becomes operative  
it is impossible to create  
matter or destroy energy.

You refuse to listen, citing  
as proof, mountains erupting  
snowflakes melting.

In a flash of energy  
we exchange matter  
and the heat dissolves the law.

Eternity

If we and the stars  
are both constituents  
of time, then you -

as a particle of  
past, present,  
and future are  
eternal.

Have we met before?  
sometime, someplace,  
as someone else

only to disassemble,  
mingle, and merge  
as the future.

Were you once part of me?  
Is my attraction  
knowing myself?

Because you are.

## Snow Geese

When geese venture forth  
they have an innate sense of direction.  
Soft wings straddle stars  
stroking snow flaked skies with certainty.

There is a heartbeat  
coursing the air with life, a determination  
to survive, to reach  
the sun, to shrug off winter's baleful eye.

That is why they scythe  
moon slivered nights with screams, leaving  
black northern skies,  
and crystal lakes, for rum soaked seas.

In spring, a beckoning  
beneath the skin, to answer the call  
of the great white north  
the instinct to return, to be reborn.

Halo

You stand on the steps  
looking at the crowd.  
The sun pearls your halo.  
You smile, sunshine  
reflects your life.  
And for one  
incredible moment  
I think  
you're looking at me.

Hooker

Geranium blouse blossoms  
under sodium glow.  
Mascara smile masks

her feelings, her tears  
transparent as rain.  
Sidewalk puddles frown

as neon rainblows kiss  
her stilleto shoes.  
She paces the track,

marking the boundaries of  
consent, on slender tanned  
stems turning to watch

headlights beam like a  
flower following the sun.

Inside

She waited  
    until I dreamed  
I know she did.

I felt strangled  
    from inside.  
    She was inside me,  
        strangling.  
I couldn't breath  
    I had to choke her.  
I woke  
    the rake of pain  
        blood my face.  
She laughed  
    I saw her red  
and pressed harder  
    she was smothering  
the words.  
    Then I done  
    it to her hard.  
Worse,  
    she liked it.

## That's Life

The world rushes by  
oblivious to laughing children.  
Life unfolds in its own time  
like flowers, and trees, and things.

We see as our quest  
the aquisition of glitter and gold  
and garages built of honeycombe stone  
in manicured niebourhoods built to look old.

Time evaporates,  
as we search for water, greed blinds us to  
the sun, deafens us  
to the universal pulse, time its taste  
turns sour on our lips.

Madonna Live

Tin man breasts.  
charge the crowd,  
incriminates the audience  
recorded in black and white  
video.

Electric cherry lips  
confront morality  
levi the blame  
in voluptuous Vatican  
violet.

Strobe showers spark the  
madonna,  
quintessential golden goddess  
struts her stuff  
with tinder box vulnerability  
in a rock n roll  
vaudeville show.

Impaled on a microphone  
she vamps mankind  
lemon haired halo ablaze  
as she rises in flames.

marigold

red serrated  
face shining  
at the sun.  
yet like me  
you haunch  
your tiny  
petals in the  
dark.

Nonchalance  
Max Bruning

She stood nonchalant  
clothed like a dandelion  
before the fire.

She smiled lifting  
her chemise to warm her  
arse in the flames.

Rain  
Vincente Alexixandre

This kiss of rain  
on black loam  
moistens red lipped  
needles of pine  
asleep in a bed of fern.

Red lipped, carressed  
by the wind  
lying in a bed  
moist and green like  
slivers of the liquid moon.

Silver, wet,  
and kissed by rain.

## Reflection

You peer in the mirror  
    disjointed by what you see  
    another person frowning from an older face.  
Is that how others see me.  
    It's like the first time you taped  
    your voice and wondered - can that be me.  
A different face  
    aged to fit  
    that disembodied voice.  
A rheumy film a gossamer sheen  
    as I stare at eyes  
    for something I may recognize  
as they skeptically glance back.  
    Eyes are said to mirror the soul  
    but these without spirit seem cold,  
cynically weighing the cut of my jib  
    my sagging skin, and stiff walk,  
    that slight hesitation when I talk.  
It's a sad reflection on the times  
    when mirrors deceive and define  
    a perception of me which is definitely not mine.

## Sweet Request

She asked me  
to play something  
sweet and holy.

I took the  
quivering reed  
between my lips

and pressed greensleeves  
against her dress,  
the gold saxophone,

mother of pearl keys,  
her breasts rising  
falling in prayer.

## Runaway

I fear the blade of night  
on hungry sodium streets.  
dream of waterfalls and  
yellow flowers in a purple vase.  
Music makes me hungry,  
burns my eyes with neon lyrics.  
he daddymen break my dolls,  
twist my ribbons, tug at my  
breasts with scalded fingers.  
My mouth is sore, their  
cruel eyes burst like boils  
their faces yellow with pus.

I cry over hot teared toys  
like video girls on tv.

## Soap

I watch her body wet and  
dry her moods at dusk at  
dawn she sips lemon tea  
lemon shampoos blonde hair  
lemon slice between glass and  
blue eyes, a goddess of love  
night and day. Beautiful  
clothes shape silken breasts  
swaddle golden child

intelligent conversation in  
business in bed unmarried then  
wed unavailable but saleable  
relationship with her  
one hour a day which is  
everything, or nothing, or love.

## Spirit

The spirit survives  
its changing form, like seeds sown in autumn  
anticipating  
the promise of flowers blooming in spring.

Or a chance wind  
sweeping starlings to flight, to grasp at life  
to flake the air like soot  
the ambiguity of then and now confused.

The present etches  
the surface like riddles scribbled in sand,

the past burnished  
with pain illuminates the future.

Seeking solitude  
spirit transcends time and space, embracing  
life in all its forms  
the earth, the waves, the flames of the universe.

Starlight

Stretching from your nipple  
to infinity,  
planets orbit the heavens.

Like a planetarium  
above the bed the skylight  
frames the reality of you

lying naked, now  
and starlight hurling  
the past against walled shadows.

Searching sky's dark well  
we lie together  
waiting for the future.

## Succubus

She smiled, beckoned  
black and beautiful  
white bra'd body a  
shiny shaft of light  
in the dream shower.

Sollicitous mouth sucking  
spitting out tiny  
stars punctured by fangs  
their glitter absorbed by  
her moon wrapped torso.

## Sumac Night

Through Sumac's pointed  
fingers she watched orions  
belt flicker in the dark.

Reaching between fronds  
she felt her lover  
shudder as shooting stars

tracked across the sky.

## Table Dancer

errect on  
panty hosed  
stilts  
a limbering  
flamingo in  
candy floss  
pink  
satin bra  
sheathed in  
sequins  
nipples like  
stars.

## Thatch

Wind reminds constantly  
the impermanence of things,  
sighs unsettling the night.

A blush of roses sweep  
under the eaves, small things,  
thoughts, rustle the sheaves.

You lie restless, breath  
stifled by emptiness  
and the curse of lonely fields.

A hand cups your breast  
sinking with the sun  
to the shadow of your thighs.

## This Could Be the Night

Each time the moon is ripe  
I scoop blue water from the lake  
store it in preserve jars  
its magic pressed to my ear.

On nights like this I  
spill some in your whiskey  
smile at your eyes, bright  
moist lips, and think,

This could be the night.  
Later at dawn we watch the moon  
curl down the sky, the lake  
pull back from the shore.

## Toy Lover

You ask advice as  
if I were a parent not a lover.  
With calculating  
eyes, you talk of career goals not love.

Like an autumn wind  
bending trees, a chaos of leaves, you rush  
to change the world  
questioning how experience is gained

and ask, is youth a  
barrier to life. I answer, is age  
a fence to living.  
And think of all the things we have in common  
and all the things we don't.

victim

distraught in alleys  
neon masks my face  
screams muffle traffic

I am the victim  
my bruised veins  
violated at whim

blood seeps between my legs  
blue lips are cold  
I have no name

alone in my room, a magic  
carpet shrouds my past  
clouds my future.

Voyageur

I am the daddyman  
the night dribbles  
down my plastic mac.

Serrated rain pins  
yellow panes on  
spangled sky.

I suck in the stars

swallow the moon  
feel the heat as

your silken shadow  
spills on white  
breasted walls

obscuring the fact  
of my wet hand  
sliding in ecstasy.

White Moon

A brooding sky  
your shape filters  
the shadows of the moon.

My lips glisten, wet  
as wine beads on skin  
stalked tip of tongue.

I imagine your  
pillowed face, serrated  
by black lashes.

And a pair of silver scissors  
in the y of your thighs.

## Sweet Youth

They only want you for your  
youth, the stillness of eyes  
blue reservoirs waiting to be filled  
    with remembrance, bitter as salt  
or sweet as spring water  
leaping from stone;  
    the curve of quite flesh  
like the soft breast  
of blue herons poised in thought  
    above a shining  
pool of pale fish  
struggling to meet their fate.

    Attracted by innocence  
the naivete which  
adds lustre to the endless game  
    Of conquest for its own sake  
driven by instinct to copulate  
with the young and firm  
    as the strongest fish swim to greet  
natures fierce beak.